

PETE MISER



RadioFree -  
Brooklyn

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**HO-MADE**

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PETE MISER



8/11

## 1. Bring It To The Masses

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)  
Written, produced, and engineered by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East.  
Mixed by Bill Esses at Leigh's Penthouse Sound, Mandeville Canyon, L.A., CA  
Scratches: Blowout (Turntable Anihilists)

Player do what I told you / The track's gonna fold you / You still mad about the oregano I sold you? / I hold you responsible for your own actions / Fuck around and get your face wrecked like Michael Jackson's / Not a has-been yet but I ain't no rookie neither / Got an off beat style to make you dance or have a seizure / Either or it don't matter to me / The whole world's runnin' down like a battery be / And I'm on Avenue B with a sign that says "God's coming" / And all y'all pushers and cops better start running / 'Cause when she arrives she's gonna be pissed as hell / or out on Canal with t-shirts to sell / I'm trying to change the world before I change my mind / In these changing times I find it strange that I'm still sane watching the world gone mad / Posted up on the Ave with a pen and a pad

"Pete Miser bring it to the masses"

Now for the record it's a...

Celebration, tune into your local station / Apocalypse now from the foul mouth half-Asian / Pedro hey yo lay low if you hate bro / Ain't no need for you to move without my say so / Stage show poppin' stoppin' them in their And-1s / Handsome lyrical phantom with fans that span from / All corners of the globe / cold like a la mode / Phone tapped now I'm speaking in code like / (Shout out to the Last Poets) / That's just the start of it / Retarded shit every time I rhyme then I departed with / A flash of light mashin' right out the area / Young player making waves like an aircraft carrier / Staring your clique down my shit pounds / I spit sounds so cold even the thermostat gets down / I flip frowns downside up / and then rewind if you ain't had enough

"Pete Miser bring it to the masses"

## 2. Radio Free Brooklyn

(featuring Farrah Burns and Blowout)

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI/F. Burns, ASCAP/W. Miller)

Written by Pete Miser, Farrah Burns and Blowout  
Produced, Engineered and Mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East

Rhymes: Pete Miser, Farrah Burns and Blowout;  
Scratches: Pete Miser; Sung Chorus: Farrah Burns; Voiceover: Mike New[clear]

Pete:

Remember the bright lights? / Remember the frightening sight? / Remember the first dark night the way you feared for your life? / I don't remember the place I was when the president died, but I recall the falling nuclear rain and burned skies / Lucky that I was underneath ground hidden beneath the beat down freaked out listening for some street sounds / The subway shook then stopped I got knocked out / Woke up hours later when I heard a wounded cop shout, / "You o.k.? Well just hold tight then" / He disappeared into the dust I never saw him again / The tunnel was caving in I made my way fumbling through the dark / Trippin' over debris and body parts / Can't start panicking ran up in the toll booth / Tried to call for help but then I learned the cold truth / The phone was dead and so was the attendant but her radio was on and it said New York was gone

(Mike tells it like it is)

I don't know if we will find our way

Farrah:

I recall moving at a slow pace / My life flashed before my eyes I saw birthdays and the murder rate sky high multiplied by aggression / Then I thought I took my last breath when the Earth moved / Shift my spirit a bit collided with virtues and amendments / Should I drop to my knees, Lord and repent? / Or was I sent to spread the word through these vents we call Radio Free Brooklyn? / While you're at it / Forced to kick habits / Sorry if I'm being too dramatic / Would this be the time to practice black magic? / Or do I need to rest my head on the Craftmatic? / Think

of ways to free my people from political bondage political nonsense / I'm sick of arguing about our problems / Now I'm dodging anthrax and suicide bombers instead of walking the steps of our forefathers

I don't know if we will find our way

Blowout:

Paralyzed from the waist down / Look around, every man face down / Nothing makes sound / Strange the way these airplanes went down / Millisecond flashback back to the military combat / Cemetery now with the black clouds covering and hovering about / My body's half out / Struggling, using my arms fumbling, nuclear bomb crumbling due to this harsh government / Fist clenched sixth sense something within distance / Sick stench penetrates my nostrils I pinch them with one hand / Didn't make a difference / I'm done, man / Ninety percent of my body burned without a sun tan / Crawling forward toward something audible / Possible portable audio maybe earphones / Get close to take it off the head that's still cookin' / Only sound I've got in Radio Free Brooklyn

I don't know if we will find our way

### 3. Ho-Made

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)  
Written, produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East  
Scratches: Pete Miser; Intro Vocal Sample: Margaret "Grandma Yi Yi" Chinn

Not to be played with and can't be faded / When the rhyme I write is integrated  
into your headpiece I said "peace" but still was hated / Son of a native / With  
chinky eyes standard issue they diss you on schoolyards and won't play with  
you / If you come from the wrong seed, wrong breed / Sometimes you find a  
strong need to assimilate the hate but wait / Years later I contemplated the stated  
hatred in addition to the low self esteem it generated / Never segregated but  
berated with racial slurs on occasion / Facin' the fact some kids don't like half-  
Asians / With due prudence I tiptoed through the affluence of my so-called peers  
/ Dismissed my so-called fears / Also hauled tears back into my eyes when it  
was wiser / Anglicized my name to "Miser" some say a self conscious attempt to  
exempt myself from bigotry sent my way / But I say they read too much into it

"Yeah you little" / "Miser" / "It seems that you're a Ho"

Newly nicknamed I spit game but didn't lose the name that I was born with /  
Adorned with disses that came with it / If it was specific to my nature I might  
take the ignorance to heart and start to hate the miniscule minds that tried to  
ridicule mine / But individuals shine in those difficult types of times / He who  
writes rhymes laughs last but didn't laugh then / Askin' why my ass got harassed  
back in my younger years when numbered tears ran my facial / Didn't think of  
Mom and Dad in terms of interracial / But other kids did so I hid from the  
informal lessons guessin' them talkin' mess was just normal / But lookin' back  
puttin' that all into perspective / Me being rejected might have been a hidden  
blessing / 'Cause now I get paid for the fact my flavor strayed away from them  
and in the end all of my ends are Ho-Made

"Yeah you little" / "Miser" / "It seems that you're a Ho"

This song is dedicated to my Grandmother who was given the name "Margaret"  
in the early 1900s by a well meaning school teacher who just didn't see the point  
in her using her real (Chinese) name.

TRACK NUMBER 4

FROM THE 718

Interlude

(P. Ho, Big Brother  
Lin Drum Music, BMI)  
Written, produced,  
engineered and mixed  
by Pete Miser at the  
Ho-House East

SCRATCHES: PETE MISER

BASS: JEFF ALLEN



### 5. Fiscal Fitness

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI/  
N. Shachtman, No Shadow Kick Music, ASCAP  
/J.Emch, Lost Connection Music, ASCAP)

Written by Pete Miser, Noah Shachtman and  
John Emch

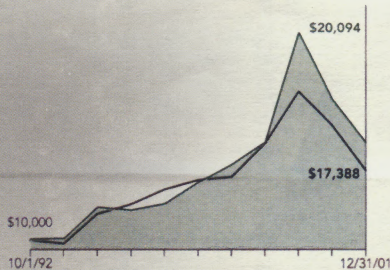
Produced by Noah Shachtman and John Emch  
for Subatomic Sound System with vocal  
production by Pete Miser

Recorded at the Subatomic Lab and at the Ho-  
House East

Engineered and mixed by Noah Shachtman,  
John Emch and Pete Miser

Noah Shachtman and John Emch appear  
courtesy of Subatomic Sound System

www.subatomicssound.com



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index is an unmanaged, market-weighted index composed of  
companies representative of the market structure of 20 developed  
market countries in Europe, Australasia and the Far East.

It's the don't give a fuck bad luck bringer of  
static chromatic scaled reptile arts and  
craftsmatic unadjustable spontaneous  
combustible under pressure lech to get your  
daughter uncomfortable

It's the no holds bar tended farm handed  
overstandings that landed on the lips of rural  
"real" rappers Trapper John mic doctors  
poppin' in gym lockers pushing a busted  
walker over Rakim's ledge

It's the fucked up at the ho-down no can  
slow down roll down the window of a Pinto  
in a hail storm warned of my presence like  
sadistic Santas caffeined beyond mean off  
Little Joe from Bonanza

It's the hyper sensitive hip hop  
representative house and senate incentive nag  
champa lyrical lama calm a crowd down with  
a foul sound with your brown cow wondering  
"how now?"

It's the Hawaiian Punch pullin' tractor mack  
factor that your kids smoked dope to in a Jetta  
on school grounds the new sound that blew  
down old oaks and old folks and cold soaked  
the dishes leaving not one spot

It's the big ball point joint bender resolved  
to render bitmapped shit stacks at high-res  
with old tricks up two sleeves and more kicks  
than new seeds planted granted eyes slanted  
just because eye said

It's the slap-happy jack pappy non-nappy  
fro holder no colder than cold shoulders no  
hotter than tea water slaughter house ruler  
protooler of wave forms big pimpermickel  
wetted up in the brainstorm

It's the known to rap fly and leave you  
seeing through two black eyes cat to stack my  
chips on plates made of paper state the nature  
of your business cake your hands with the  
flow for fiscal fitness...It's the what?

## 6. Endure

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, and engineered by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East.

Mixed by Bill Esses at Leigh's Penthouse Sound, Mandeville Canyon, Los Angeles, CA

Scratches: Pete Miser

Fender Rhodes: Robert Muller

Last time I saw you, you were walking away down  
Sunset Boulevard in L.A. shining / Like cellmates  
rhyming just to pass more minutes you and I got  
sentences we might not finish / Pop star not far  
from super nova / You're a soldier with looks to get  
you over I told you / For all we've done and what  
we come from you and I shouldn't still have to  
scrap for crumbs

And it's a long time coming but it still ain't here  
And it's a glorious future but it still ain't clear  
And I feel anticipation but it still ain't fear  
So I'm gonna keep on building 'til they lend an ear

Yes yes, y'all...

Do you remember in '96? / Hot tea a warm coat and  
guitar picks? / Hands so cold you couldn't play the  
licks? / Angelique to the beat Pete "on the mix" /  
And now years later nothing much has changed /  
You got your record deal but you're still the same /  
Seems like struggle is the name of the game / But at  
the end of the party I'm still glad I came / See the  
fame ain't the reason for the rhymes I write / And  
definitely ain't no money got me up all night / But  
when I walk home late without a friend in sight / It's  
the rhymes on my mind that make it seem alright

And it's a long time coming but it still ain't here  
And it's a glorious future but it still ain't clear  
And I feel anticipation but it still ain't fear  
So I'm gonna keep on building 'til they lend an ear

Yes yes, y'all...

If I had my way we'd both have made it / Known  
around the globe rich famous and shameless / But  
right now I'm nameless in a sea of faces / After  
being on tour in 'bout a million places / But if I wait  
this too might pass / And maybe I can find some  
peace of mind at last / But I don't spend my dreams  
on cream and green grass / Just to see them being  
shattered and scattered like shards of glass / Turn  
the page add years to the age / I'm on the East Coast  
heard you got engaged / The whole world's  
happening and nothing's strange / The only thing  
that stays the same is the presence of change / We  
endure / Try to keep the words pure / Place faith in  
good grace even when we're unsure / It's a long  
time coming but it still ain't here / Hold tight 'cause  
when it's right it will appear

Yes yes, y'all, and you don't stop...



## 8. For You

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, and engineered by Pete Miser at the Ho-House West.

Mixed by Leo "Swift" Morris and Pete Miser at D&D Studios with the kind assistance of Sia; Vibraphone: Doug Smith; Scratches: DJ Chill

I've been so many places girl for you / Missed my favorite  
t.v. show for you / I've been through hell and back,  
homegirl for you / And I'd do it all again ten times for you

For you

I've chased down too many cabs for you / I firmed up my  
chest and abs for you / I'd knock off four liquor stores  
right now for you / And I'd come back with all that cash for  
you / Or I'd keep some and buy a new dress for you / Take  
you out dressed to impress for you / And when the cops came  
I'd surrender quietly for you / And I'd take on this whole  
legal mess for you

For you

I'd do what I have to to get at you and I'm glad to 'cause  
you're bad to the bone, baby / Crazy 'bout the way she makes  
me sweat / Treats me like a dog even makes me fetch / Get  
left in a minute if I ain't with it / Best be committed or  
she'll say "forget it" / The digits didn't come easily a  
measly sum: Freedom for one man gotta plan gotta run / Come  
follow me / Takes all of me to be the cat she be looking at  
and that in fact be where it's at / We rap 'til late hours /  
This flower got me in a headlock / Sweeter than red hots /  
caught in a dead stop / (Inhale) / Let me get my breath /  
Ol' girl keeps me runnin' til there ain't none left / Tells  
me I can study but I still can't test / But I'd give this  
heart up in my chest

For you

## 9. Toothbrush

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, and engineered by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East

Mixed by Pete Min at his house on St. Mark's Street

Toothbrush solo: Pete Miser (didn't think I was a "real" musician, did you?)

Don't mean to be self indulgent / Wish I could pull this out of my head / Leave it by the roadside dead but instead of that there / It sits and festers, messing with my cranial clump / "Should have given [her] the bump" is what my homeboys say / No noise stays ringing my ears, singing my fears out i-Tunes® play lists / Even the captain couldn't save this ho / Sprayed this flow like Krylon® / Resort to stalking like nylons or cried 'til I was red eyed like bitch-made cylons splittin' a J., driftin' away in the Battle Bucket Galactica / In fact it's the kid who practiced the tactics of kamikaze lemmings and left my head spinning like Peggy Flemming / Dig it, right there I showed my age but still insist on acting my shoe size / Whose lies will I believe? / Anyone's I guess / My stomach of steel digests everything from bicycle parts to Fran Tarkington's hairpiece / Feast on feces she speaks softly in my ear / Clear as a bell rocked by Uncle L / Ladies Love Cool J but don't know how to show it / Cradle cardio carefully before you blow it / So it's against this back drop the mack mops floors with bunny slippers slippin' from my bedroom door / Feet drag like queens, drag like races / Know what I mean? / For real, are you listening or what? / To make a long story short, it sucks when you've broken up with your girl but she's still stuck in your mind / Wake up one morning days later just to find / She's gone for good but still left her shit behind and it reminds / Fuck you and your toothbrush

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Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation. ☺



## 10. Teppei Was Too (Interlude)

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI/R. Muller)  
Written by Pete Miser, Robert Muller, and Teppei

Produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East  
Drums: Ivan Katz; Bass: Old Gold; Voiceover: Teppei; Rhodes: Robert Muller;  
Scratches: Neil Armstrong (5th Platoon); Slangulation consultant: Mega-Maceo



卵に油をくまらせるように!

卵とご飯を切るように!

鍋底からご飯を返すように!

RadioFree  
Brooklyn

RadioFree  
Brooklyn



PDX/BKLYN



MISZ  
WORLD  
SOBER





## 11. Got That

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East

Scratches: Blowout (Turntable Anihilists)

Bass: "Gun" Jack Livesey

One of them regular cats you find all over the damn map New York City to Phoenix rocking dusty ass Adidas / Fiendish for wax and anything that'll heat up the track / You'll find me in the back of the store 'til my fingers are black now listen / You caught me diggin' through crates I'm on a mission / Siftin' through old cuts like I was panning for gold dust / Mold must and mildew don't stop me when the fever's got me / Probably find it in my lungs at my autopsy / It don't matter rather die before my time than never find a record that's been sittin' on my mind / My wrists will never shine / No Prada or fine wine / You got obsessions? / Fuck it I've got mine!

Got no Bentley or Rolls / But friends? I got that  
Got no bitches and hoes / But love? I got that  
Got no fat gold rope / But hope? I got that  
Got no full length mink / But karma? I got that  
Got no platinum link / But style? I got that  
Ain't got no ice grill / But skills? I got that

Got a lot of what I need and got little of what I don't / Got the hots for J-Lo but if she ain't willing I won't / I got no castle or moat but I got a cool crib in Brooklyn / Got a lot of company 'cause I got nine stray cats I took in / Been lookin' for a job but I got an occupation making funky beats and speaking to the younger generation / I got Asian

eyes and I got a Chinese dad / And I got a bad habit of jonesing for the things I never had / I guess we all do, fall to our knees / Beg please for things and cheese from the powers that be / But see a little girl said some words I'll never forget she said / "You get what you get and you don't get upset!"

Got no Mercedes Benz / But people? I got that  
Got no golf cart on rims / But taste? I got that  
No Alizé by the crate / But faith? I got that  
Got no six model chicks / But promise? I got that  
Got no six bottles of Crys / But health? I got that  
Got no STDs / But please, don't want that

I got an idea gettin' ain't all it's cracked up to be / Don't get me wrong I best get enough for me / But some folks want every last bit of stuff they see / Lust for things / Diamond encrusted rings / Stuff that blings don't mean a thing to me / Never are the keys to happiness that they seem to be / Money ain't freein' me bringin' to a state of nirvana / I'd rather be on a Dalai Lama tip skip the drama / All I need is what I got and I've got plenty of that / Many have cracked under the pressure when they measure the gap between what they've got and what the next man holds / But yo, that envy disappears soon as the next man folds / Got more than I need of the he say-she say / The shit I want to get got can't be bought on E-bay / These days, people want it this instant like replay / Me, I just wanna jam like L.A. freeways / Be safe and connect with real folks / Live life right and realize real hopes / Real scopes aimed at people who be thinking like me / All I want is what we all got to be and that's free

Ain't got no stretch S.U.V. / But family? I got that  
Ain't got no Hummer on Ds / But talent? I got that  
Don't even own no ride / But pride? I got that  
Ain't got no nuclear sub / But patience? I got that  
Ain't got no gold hot tub / But respect? I got that  
Got no Versace designs / But time? I got that

## 12. Tell Me Why

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East

Backwards Guitar: James Rexroad; Bass: Old Gold

Chorus:

Tell me why these cats gotta mess with me when all I wanna do is m.c. y'all brothers can blow me like the breeze/And tell me why all of y'all think that all in all it don't matter none what y'all say just as long as y'all get paid? (Repeat)

What's it really gonna take? / Do I dedicate all of my heart and soul? / Do I hold each grudge 'til it won't budge  
trudge through the desert and struggle 'til my skin goes cold? / If I go gold will the "real" heads diss me? / Will  
the airhead females try to kiss me? / If I get shot like Pac or Biggie on my rise to the top will anybody miss  
me?

Chrous ...What the world could they be wantin' see, from little old me? (Repeat)

Why when I paid so many dues do blues still gotta come my way? / Will I get love for the words I say? / Do I  
gotta move weight to make my pay? / How many tight rhymes must I bust before I see bread instead of just  
crust? / And why do I lust for ancient wax like sunken-eyed crackheads lust for dust? / And how many blocks  
do I gotta walk for respect and peace and love? / How many demo tapes do I gotta make before I get praise  
instead of just shrugs? / And who's gonna say we kicked it like best friends when I make them ends but ain't  
gotta minute right now 'cause a fella ain't in the Billboard Top Ten? / I do believe I've seen my fair share of  
hard times and scandalous scenes / But a fella gotta keep them dreams or your ass is gonna wind up broke /  
And it ain't no joke so I don't smoke trees / Keep my lungs clear so I can breathe / Keep my head clear and  
believe that in the end somebody's gonna see

Chorus ...What the world could they be wantin' see, from little old me? (Repeat)

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### 13. Rainy Day, Niteroi



(Interlude)

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI) Written, produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East with location recording in Niteroi, Brazil.

I was at a bus stop waiting for Paula Pimenta while two guys on the street sold umbrellas...



### 14. Might Be

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)  
Written, produced, and engineered by Pete Miser in the G.V.A.C. Kitchen  
Mixed by Mark Plati at Duotone Audio, NYC  
Acoustic guitar: Pete Miser

Dust to ash and ash to dust / Cameras shoot but don't focus fast enough / Downtown covered in trash and a lasting hush / Newsmen scrambling asking us / "What did you see and where were you?" / And "did they get anybody that you knew?" / Meanwhile there's a party up 8th Avenue / Big screen CNN and plenty of brew

Chorus:

And no one wants to be alone tonight / Someone's rallying the troops to fight / The president's trying to make show of might / Might be that we're all wrong we might be right

Walking 14th from West to East to say the least everyone's stunned some talking 'bout peace / Some talking 'bout war, "we've gotta even the score" / Some talking 'bout the Muslims who run the corner store / And I'm gonna be sick if I hear it anymore / Nukes ready in a ship sittin' just off shore / And there's this neighborhood girl I know I've seen before / Talkin' 'bout her mother worked on the ninety third floor / Just part the masses school kids with no classes / Flags at half mast / Smiles that are half fast / Bush pushin' for us to have the last laugh / But there's no room for

laughter after this blood bath / Just fast and pray / Prepare for the last day / Cast away everything that you're used to / Refuse to believe what we see with our own eyes / In denial believing our own lies

Chorus

Now I can understand the anger banging out so many hearts / 'Cause it was more than just two buildings that them devils tore apart / But when we start to pointin' fingers I get queasy and sick / Knowing deep in my heart that it comes down to politics / And who died and lied electing George Jr. as God? / And who supplies the arms that usually get used for the job? / And what be making men mad enough to do these things? / And what makes our pain enough for them to want to dance and sing? / One glance brings only superficial answers / But we need to look inside ourselves to find the cancer / Gotta stand for something or you'll fall for it all / While our enemies are training we be off in the mall / And I for one am sick of guns and pointless loss of life / Sick of Christians claiming God but so damn ready to fight / Sick of government officials with their fingers on the button / Tired of heads of state frontin' talkin' loud and sayin' nothing / It's a shame that it came to this but if I raise my fist / It's for peace at least to coexist / And if we have to kill in the name of being free / Then ya'll can start it off by killing me for real

Chorus

I wrote and recorded this song a few days after the attacks on the World Trade Center. I was planning to meet up with Upski and Gita at Union Square for a candlelight vigil when the lyrics just kind of spilled out of me. That type of writing is rare for me so I just went with the flow, at first worrying that I was going to be late, then worrying that I was going to miss the vigil altogether. I sat in my kitchen and recorded the lyrics through the little speakers in my laptop to help me remember how to say them. In the end I never went back and did "final" takes. When I thought about it later, I decided not to edit the lyrics or redo the vocals but to leave it as a document of what was on my mind in those days. I got to the vigil late and missed the ceremonial part of it. I consider this song a decent alternative.

### BROOKLYN

Brooklyn College  
Bush Av

Mike vs. Chuck 1 5  
(Interlude) ♿  
(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East.  
Voiceover: Mike New[clear]  
Scratches: Pete Miser  
Bass: Jeff Allen

FLATLAND

King Subw NYC R2

## 16. Just One Rhyme

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, and engineered by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East.  
Mixed by Leo "Swift" Morris and Pete Miser at D&D Studios with the delicate assistance of Sia

Scratches: Pete Miser

Hold your hat son don't look back, run / Hide the kids I'm low down like high eyelids / Fly with mic skills that might kill more cats in one breath than a Chinese chef / Mic check one two / Nowhere to run you shouldn't have stalled after you heard "yes y'all" / Test all m.c.s like S.A.T.s / Best say "please" and twist one like Barry Mcgee / Scary to see why y'all brothers starin' at me / Darin' to be the only thing that defines me / Pete Miser bring it to the masses / And stay out of sight like Stevie Wonder's sunglasses

Chorus:

Give me just one rhyme and just one beat / And give me just one chance to rock these New York streets / Feel the heat / Peep this, son allow me to speak / 'Cause, brother New York City is the place to be

If it's the place to be I will m.c. / The master of the microphone so player leave it to me / The type of kid to burn a rapper to the third degree / And even maitre ds don't think of servin' me / Call an emergency if y'all ain't heard of me / Caught your girl lookin' over at me nervously / And if I ever made a mill it's cause I earned the fee / So check it out I cut the record up like surgery like this...

It's dope flows on tap / I'll make one hand clap / I make the party get live when I start to rap / I drop verses like suspension on your homeboy's Lac / I'll make C. Delores Tucker bounce to hip hop tracks / I transmit like fax and I back down to none / Slap down the sun at dusk before I bust / It's a million and one m.c.s out to crush / I'll turn their asses to ashes their assets to dust / Dangerous made a fuss now I'm making a name / Made it plain from the start player who got game / Felt the pain of being broke but never felt no shame / 'Cause looking 'round the world I see I really can't complain

Chorus

## 17. Central Park (featuring Mel Brown)

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)

Written, produced, engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East  
Drum Tracking recorded at Jackpot Studios  
Portland, Oregon by John Fischbach and Luther Russell

Drums: Mel Brown

Percussion: Ivan (Ive09) Katz

Voicemail: Carol C.

Scratches, and additional drum reanimation/chop chop: Pete Miser

Mel Brown appears courtesy of Karmenpolicy records.

Carol C appears courtesy of Luaka Bop.

Ivan (Ive09) Katz appears courtesy of his own righteous self!

Central Park includes secret undisclosed samples of Leroy Vinegar playing upright bass as a shout out to a cat we all miss.

Little kids screaming like the world is ending / Players out pretending they're in love / I've got deli salad that I keep defending from a squirrel posted up behind a shrub / You could say I'm lazy spending Monday lounging / I could say "you're right" and close my eyes / But I'm in Central Park while city traffic's pounding / Peeking through the trees at sunny skies

Chorus:

It doesn't even matter if I missed an appointment / It wouldn't even matter if she told me "no" / It doesn't make a difference if the world don't feel me / I'm busy in the park watching green grass grow

Never take the time to let the city slow down / Every day's a show down on the Ave / Even some old lady's knuckled up to go rounds / talkin' 'bout "you better watch your back" / If I had my way I'd stay a week in the park / Forget about the phone and all the noise / Shower in the fountain as the next day starts / Kick it with the little girls and boys

Chorus

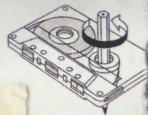
Hipster honeys playin' cards on picnic blankets / Roller skating music fills the air / Cops don't want to trip no matter how loud they crank it / Everybody's acting like they don't have a care / I've got a date later on but I don't want to leave / The sun's about to set and light the sky / I wish she'd float through like that eight o'clock breeze / Long black hair and pretty eyes...

Chorus

18

**One Love/Peace** (Interlude)

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI)  
Written, produced, engineered and mixed  
by Pete Miser at the Ho-House East.  
Scratches: Pete Miser

**19. Links**

(P. Ho, Big Brother Lin Drum Music, BMI/L.  
Holland)

Written and Produced by Zaquan and Pete Miser  
Engineered and mixed by Pete Miser at the Ho-  
House East.  
Hand percussion: Pete Miser

Link for link not linked to herringbone but, links  
between people sharing homes and food they've  
grown / Names well known / Ideas in their domes /  
All that connects and lets us know we ain't alone /  
Shown the way by the old and gray / Stay  
connected by the influence of those that passed  
away / Fray at the seams / Fade like dreams / Made  
the team, paid still stayed underground like  
SKEME / Making dents in a system that ain't  
making sense / We represent and wind up past  
tense / Beyond frustrated, jaded, mad and upset but  
it's the links that keep us in check and it goes:

Sister, brother, friend, lover, everybody that you've  
ever known / I don't click the link / I link the clique  
/ I think the trick is to see ourselves as people...

Link for link but not online / The type of bond  
that's strong enough to make a player pawn shine  
to buy food for the little one that needs him /  
Knowing, one day, that may be the seed that feeds  
him / Breathing the same air that the whole world  
shares / Fair better than the weather when the  
ozone tears / Stare at the son / Stand among your  
younger ones and trust the links to always keep  
them there.

Link for link not what you think but what you feel  
/ Instinctive ways beyond the phrase of "keep it  
real" / Signed and sealed on common ground the  
links reveal / I think the trick is to see ourselves as  
people.

Sister, brother, friend, lover, everybody that you've  
ever known / I don't click the link / I link the clique  
/ I think the trick is to see ourselves as people...

Art direction and design: Pete Miser.

Illustrations: Pete Miser, "Sober" and "Whirl" for  
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Photography by Pete Miser and Sara Press.

This record was lovingly mastered at Sterling Sound,  
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*This record is dedicated to my Mom and my brother, Chris to help make up for some of those cloudy  
days. I love you.*

*This album couldn't have happened without the huge help of:* My Duotone family: (Pete[s]), Jack, Amy,  
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**Extra special thanks:** (Add your name here)

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Handwritten graffiti on the bottom left, possibly reading "WORLD" or similar, written in black ink.

Handwritten graffiti on the right side, possibly reading "Sun" or similar, written in white ink.

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